



# The Grail

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— 1937 —

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*St. Meinrad, Indiana*

# The Grail

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## FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



DEAR GRAIL READERS,

One of the biggest causes of evil in the world is selfishness. It disturbs all balances. It robs the earth of much of its peace. There are various degrees of selfishness. Some persons are simply 100% selfish. They know not how to consult the interests of anyone whatsoever except themselves. Others there are that are less selfish. These share benefits with their circle of relatives. The relatives are all wrapped up in one another, but admit no outsiders. Then there are the nationals that spurn all persons outside the confines of their nation. The Nazis are a good example of this class. Lastly there are those that are biased by color or by creed. Selfishness is narrowness.

How unselfish was Christ. He emptied Himself for our sake. He sacrificed all that all might be made rich. In early February we celebrate the Presentation of Christ in the Temple. His manner of being offered was that of the poorest persons. Nor was His a fictitious poverty. He suffered real hardships divinely planned and heroically embraced.

Christ did not restrict His charity to His relatives, nor to His own nation; he paid the price of redemption for every soul that ever was created and that ever will be created. A part of our duty is to bring this redemption price within reach of our fellowmen. Have you ever won a soul from sin to God? Have you ever brought a convert into the sheepfold of the Divine Shepherd?

During a southern trip last fall I had the pleasure of seeing truly edifying work being

done among the colored race, so oft neglected. It was real convert work. An alumnus of our seminary is pastor of the colored parish in Tampa, Florida; Sisters from Canada are teaching in the parochial school. I never saw a neater and cleaner group of children than these colored lads and lassies. I visited all the eight grades. The children enjoyed being asked questions. They especially wanted me to ask them catechism questions. They were getting a really Christian education. How I marveled at the work of this Pastor and these Sisters. There was unselfishness.

In another southern city I had a further opportunity to see high grade educational work among the colored. It was at Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi. In this city the Society of the Divine Word has a Major and a Minor Seminary for colored boys and young men; also a department for such colored boys as desire to become Religious Brothers. What fine young men I found here. It was a delight to meet them personally and chat with them. The Father in charge informed me that they were in no way inferior to our white students. Given the proper opportunity, why should they be inferior? I was glad to see that someone was doing this work of Christ in so ardent and successful a manner. Let us learn unselfishness from such missionaries.

Yours most cordially

*Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.*

Abbot.

# Come Clean

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

"**E**VERY block must have an alley," the Cynic observed as he came into the room to find me endeavoring to put a part in what retained of my hair.

"Yeah," I countered, "but when I bump my crazy bone I can't conceal the bump by parting my hair differently as you do."

"There you go taking wisecracks from your great-grandfather again."

"Well, who started this anyway?" I asked.

From the looks of things we were well on our way to one of those pleasant little battles that make life in a small town so interesting. It was not to be, though, for my friend suddenly and inexplicably turned serious on me.

In a way the Cynic is quite unique. He can follow one subject of conversation so persistently that you wonder what it is that keeps him ticking. On the other hand, he can be so flighty at times that you are sure he must be quintuplets at least.

Consequently, I wasn't too much surprised to hear him jump without any apparent reason or effort from heads to, of all things, the Mass.

"Today, some fellow at work asked me something about the Mass," he said. "I gave him some kind of answer but he wasn't satisfied and I wasn't either."

"I'm speechless," I said. "Whoever heard of you being dissatisfied with yourself?"

"Oh, can it. This fellow wanted to know why the priest washes his hands right after the Offertory. I told him that it is an old spinach custom to wash one's hands before doing something important with them. What is more important than the Mass, as you would say. And then this wise guy comes back and says that he can't see what the priest does during the first part of the Mass to dirty his hands."

"It's partly custom, all right," I said, "but hardly an old spinach custom. Rather it is one of the customs that the first Christians took over and converted from the Jewish religion. You know, the Old Testament Jews were very particular about their legal purifications. They

had to wash many times a day and several times in between. Some of these legal purifications came from God through Moses. Others came out of the imaginations of some of the more fanatic Jewish leaders. The thing became an abuse after some time, for so many things were added to the list of the unclean that a conscientious Jew couldn't turn around without getting defiled three or four times. And each one called for a washing.

"From the first, these legal washings were not meant so much to cleanse the body as to show a cleansing of the soul from the defilement of sin and all that might lead to sin. Of course, many of those things which were considered by Jews as carrying with them something degrading and defiling were not sins. Some were even acts of charity and justice. Thus, for instance, a man became legally unclean by preparing a corpse for burial. On the other hand, many were sins and really did stain the soul. The Bible tells you all about that, though.

"As used in the Mass, the washing of the hands symbolizes both an interior and an exterior purification. It represents a cleansing of the whole man from all that tarnishes the soul and the body, just as among the Jews the act of washing did not actually cleanse away all stain, but manifested that one had repented of his rash act and wanted to repair the damage done to oneself and to others. The required washing, usually of the hands only, served to remind the Jew that he could dirty his soul as well as soil his body.

"Perhaps, your friend might also want to know why the priest does wash only his hands and why not some other part of his body."

"Aw, give the poor guy some credit for intelligence," said the Cynic; "he knows that the hands are the most convenient. How would it look for a priest to wash his face at the altar, anyway?"

"All right, smart fellow, tell me, then, another reason why the priest washes only his hands."

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# Rural Rhapsody

Cicely Burke

## FEBRUARY.

'Tis the queer month, indeed! Under the rule of the Fay it has been said by some, and far be it from any of us at the old farm to dispute it. There are too many signs abroad. Didn't the Royal Cat of Clough put in his appearance bright and early; and while he isn't exactly mute, he doesn't speak as he did before the coming of St. Patrick; or is it that we cannot understand the old language? Be that as it may, didn't a stray horse manipulate the latch on the corral gate, turn our dependable herd into frisky colts and lead them into forbidden fields! The Pooka, of course.

The unimaginative might see nothing at all in a call from the cat and the horse, but, we with Irish ancestry, and a helper not long from County Clare to aid and abet our "mystic tendency," are all agog. And isn't it a grand and glorious feeling, this being agog?

Anyway that cat jumps, and even if somebody comes with a halter on his arm to inquire about a lost horse, we know February will be an interesting month. From the start off with that groundhog waking up and deciding to come up and have a look around to the last minute of its stay. Ash Wednesday comes rather early, but Valentine Day comes on Sunday and the birthdays of our heroes are days that are always observed in the same respectful way.

Even if the groundhog sees his shadow, we have a pie of seed catalogs to yearn over; and any number of clippings re that new white delphinium we are promised after fifteen years of work by the unnamed gardener somewhere in California. We hope the price won't be out of our reach, for we do want one with all the heart of us.

There are other new things we would like to bring to our garden—that new clematis—columbine—all the new shades in double poppies—and one tree peony. We'd try to be happy with one, although there are many many colors and combinations of color.

Right now the berry garden is ablaze with color, and alive with birds—large small, colorful and drab, but no matter the size or the dress, all hungry and chattering gayly as they fill up on crumbs, suet—berries. We must enlarge the berry garden again! Uncle Sam has given permission to rural mail carriers, we are told, to carry feed for the birds, but, from our congregation we fear few are taking advantage of this privilege. But the more the merrier. One day this week we counted sixteen species, including thrushes, bluebirds, morning doves—many birds, in fact, that are supposed to be far from our Northwest in February.

The pheasants and the grouse and quail show a preference for grain but that elusive wild turkey that seedling chestnuts are being cultivated for right here in Oregon never comes in from his hills. We wish he would. Its closed season now on game, of course, and we are a law-abiding family, but... Pheasants and grouse and the grouse cousins, the White family, never tempt us.

FLASH! Ah, you thought it was Yarrup, the clumsy flicker, making his appearance in the garden, the orange lining of his wings coloring even the snow—but, no—I'm flashing the news of that new Cosmos that you've heard much about—the Orange Flame. It is a sensation by all rights. You can get a packet of seed for five cents from the So. Carolina nursery (give you the name if you ask for it, enclosing stamped envelope for reply) I've told you about; and every seed will grow—at least, ours did. It isn't exactly true to the family growth—much prettier, bushes heavily and the flowers more generous, and it keeps on blooming till frost.

And when ordering seeds (only five cents a packet) don't forget Clarkia in all colors. They will reward you all summer. One of our friends, not a gardener, thought they were climbing roses, that didn't climb; and that reminds me

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## Mrs. Meagan,---Meddler

Florence Standish Clarke

**NINE O'CLOCK**—a fine time Monday morning and nothing done yet!

Mrs. Cora Meagan eased herself carefully down from the street car step at the corner by the Church of our Lady of Sorrows which fronted on a tiny city park. On the other side of the grassy breathing space stood her domain, The Oaks Apartment building, where her many duties as manager competed against her desire to go in and say a prayer for Jimmy and the little girl Jimmy was bringing to supper tonight to make her acquaintance.

The Church of Our Lady, the park and The Oaks were a triplet of waifs, left like beach litter when the orderly and prosperous procession of life had moved on out south. But the church still had its beautiful paintings for the Stations of the Cross, the park had its flowering almonds that in spring wore their pink sprays of beauty like a Southern belle, and The Oaks had—Mrs. Meagan, so that it wasn't as bad as it might have been—though it was bad enough.

She clutched her purse with black gloved fingers and considered what might have happened in the two days she had been away on the other side of town nursing her sick sister. There were the two new girls in the tiny rear apartment on the fifth floor. The little redhead with her saucy hat perched over one eye, her lavender colored dress and the jaunty short jacket—Mrs. Meagan had thought herself a good judge of character when she rented to them, but there was talk already. And why, after all, should a girl with a job good enough to be able to afford a nice shiny coupe be living at The Oaks? Gossip also said that she was seen frequently with a well dressed man driving about town.

And in the front apartment on the fifth was Dolly Frake. She had proved a bad one and no mistake. Mrs. Meagan blamed herself for not ordering Dolly out last week, but the call from her sick sister had left no time.

No telling what else needed her besides—gossiping housewives, plumbing that might

have gone wrong, quarreling children who should be shooed to the park to play instead of messing up the hallways. There was plenty—but ah,—there was Jimmy!

Mrs. Meagan went into the church.

Fifteen minutes later she came out and with firm tread crossed the little park just in time to see the flirt of a lavender skirt entering a shiny black coupe, a redheaded girl with an impudent pancake of a hat over one eye, take the wheel and drive off with a well dressed middle aged man.

Others besides Mrs. Meagan saw it too, and in just the time that it took her to march across the street to The Oaks, five heads had been withdrawn from five windows and five tongues were already busy. She heard them clacking as she took her key and glanced into the empty first floor apartment that she had planned in her mind for Jimmy and his girl. It would be handy for them just across the park from the church and where she could look after them.

Being Mrs. Meagan, it did not occur to her that Jimmy's bride might not want to be looked after. She could not have felt more responsible for Jimmy Dutton if he had been her own, but to herself she said releasing Jimmy to another woman would be a load off her old shoulders. Such a nice little apartment it was with its three foot by five foot front porch where one could sit out and chat with those on the steps, a little apart but not so much so as to ban sociability.

She nodded approval of her own idea as she left the apartment, locked the door and paused a moment listening to the voices in the second floor hallway.

"You can't tell me them girls ain't a couple of so and so's. Why ain't they boardin' in private families if it ain't that they don't want their goin's and comin's checked up on?"

"I'll say so. And that redheaded one—where does she get her clothes? What I don't understand is why an old terror like Meagan ever let 'em in."

Mrs. Meagan let her slow steps fall heavily and coughed as she neared the second floor.

"Oh, and are you back, Mrs. Meagan?" asked the fleshy second floor tenant, buttoning the top button of her soiled smock hastily over her ample bosom.

The other women left suddenly for their own apartments on the upper floors and the thin woman snatched a crayon from her child's hand with which she had been decorating the wall.

"And why ain't Nora in school—she sick?" demanded Mrs. Meagan with managerial sternness.

"No, we just overslept this morning. She is going this afternoon."

"I'll just go on in, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Meagan, "to see if your faucets are all right now."

She strode past them and the thin woman giggled. "That's just an excuse to see if my dishes are done—which they ain't either."

"Yeah," replied the other, "She's the limit, but she'd better get after them girls and let respectable women alone to do their dishes and make their beds when they get ready."

"I'd like to see her face when she finds out who was visiting them in their apartment last night."

Mrs. Meagan suddenly reappeared. "And what's the dirt you're dishin' now?" she demanded, impaling them with a glance. The thin woman sank weakly against the wainscoted wall and she of the soiled smock backed into her own doorway.

"Well, it ain't any of my business who you rent to, of course," she bridled. "But you can't stop people from talkin' when two young girls livin' alone have their company all hours of the night."

"What hours, Mrs. Hogue? And how did you know? Sneak upstairs to listen at their door?"

"No, I didn't, Mrs. Meagan. I was on my way up to speak to Mrs. Hoggins and I saw him—them."

"Then their door was open, I take it. Humph! If people tend to their own business they won't have time to know what other people are doing so much. I think, Mrs. Hogue, that maybe you could get those grease spots off your dress with a little ammonia."

Queer, thought Mrs. Meagan, as she labored upward, how they could all stand for the Frake

woman but were so quick to set their claws onto young girls. All was well on the third floor and the fourth, where she thought longingly of her own spotless little apartment. Duty first, and duty right now meant Dolly Frake on the fifth floor. Too bad to fire a tenant with another vacancy already on the first floor, but she would fill that apartment on the first floor with Jimmy and his girl—Jimmy, the rascal who had gone and gotten himself engaged with never a word out of him.

Her firm knock brought Dolly to the door in sullen hostility and a rumpled Mandarin coat. Mrs. Meagan told her briefly that the apartment was needed and was met by a toss of the frowsy curls.

"Oh, very well. I was going to get out of this dump anyway. It isn't in my class."

"And that it isn't," agreed Mrs. Meagan calmly. "And there we are both agreed."

Dolly puffed her cigarette impudently. "The trouble is, Mrs. Meagan, 'that there is no sleep possible what with your son's carrying on's."

"I have no son."

"Your nephew, then," she said spitefully. "Visiting with those girls down the hall. Wouldn't you think they'd shut the door?"

"I have no nephew," replied Mrs. Meagan. "Perhaps 'tis James Dutton you mean. And the little girls down the hall? You say their door was open? Sounds honest to me, Miss Frake."

"Honest! Oh yeah? Then tell me this? A girl with a swell coupe livin' at The Oaks! Oaks is right. It's a wonder the squirrels don't come on up out of the park to get the nuts."

"You'll kindly leave the handling of The Oaks to me, Miss Frake. Since you're leaving today there will be one less mouthful for the squirrels."

Mrs. Meagan turned majestically and barged down the hall to the girls' door and let herself in with her passkey. Dolly Frake should not see that the name of Jimmy Dutton disturbed her in the least. The responsibility for Jimmy would not be hers much longer. He'd have his own woman to worry about him. But in the meantime—she looked about her, closed and locked the door behind her.

The girls had left their apartment as neat as a pin. Her own sinkboard was not scrubbed whiter, she grumbled to herself and that was

more than could be said of the slatterns downstairs who had nothing to do all day but their bit of housework and their tongue waggings.

However, she must do something about the little redhead at that, so she wrote a note for Miss Treliss to see her at her earliest convenience and slipped it under the door. Poor they might be at The Oaks and slovenly some of the housewives but The Oaks bore a good name and a good name it should continue to bear as long as Mrs. Meagan had the running of it.

*JIMMY DUTTON* overslept that Monday morning. In his capacity of trouble shooter for the Union Electric Company he had had his Sunday holiday destroyed by emergency calls.

Besides he had been up late Saturday night. He awoke on the daybed that opened out in the small living room, stretched his long arms and yawned. He didn't have to go on duty until noon and this was a very special day.

He grimmed happily as he thought of why it was so special as he went out into the kitchen and set the coffee pot on the gas stove. It didn't make any difference what he ate but he cracked a couple of eggs into the pan and cut off a half of a loaf of bread just to keep him going until lunch time.

Supper tonight—that would be something. Hadn't Aunt Cora promised to do things right? And how the old girl would do her stuff for the girl Jimmy was to marry. In Jimmy's own mind he had been pretty foxy to have planned things just the way he had planned them.

Breakfast over he stepped out of his pajamas and dressed in his work clothes and Jimmy Dutton, even in work clothes, was a good figure of a young man even though his face was just a good serviceable face whose blue eyes and outdoor color possessed special attractions for only two women—his girl and Mrs. Meagan who would not have admitted it—in words.

As he tied his tie he whistled merrily though tunelessly and so did not hear the door of the apartment open and disclose the severe presence of Mrs. Cora Meagan. He did hear her stern voice, however, and to that gave strict attention.

"After seven years I've tried to teach you, James Dutton, and you with nothing to do all day Sunday but go to church. You could write

your death sentence in the dust—and there's my bit of a dickey bird sitting on the sideboard pecking holes in your best straw hat."

Jimmy hastily rescued the hat. "Oh, I was going to get everything cleaned up, Aunt Cora, but I had to help out the other trouble shooters all day yesterday and I overslept this morning."

"And your dresser drawers," she continued, "all open but one. Oh well, I'll soon be rid of you and another woman takin' the worry off my hands of you and your wild ways."

Jimmy grinned at her. "Me? I'm wild just like your dickey bird and you know it, Aunt Cora."

She removed her old fashioned black hat. "And even no place to lay my hat down for the soot that has drifted in where you left the windows up while you were gone, I'll wager. First, James Dutton, I want to know something. Was you or was you not in those girls' apartment late at night?"

Jimmy tried his hat on at one angle and shifted it slightly. "You mean the girls up on the fifth?" he inquired innocently.

"You know who I mean, young man. And what was you doing there that I'm hearing it from all sides the minute I get back?"

"So the cats are out after the robins, are they?" demanded Jimmy with sarcasm. "And you're siding with them? I'm surprised at you, Aunt Cora."

"Never mind your surprise, James. Was you there and what for?"

"Yes, I was there. Some man looking for that Frake woman bumbled into their door by mistake. I heard him going upstairs and thought his going sounded not so good, the way he was bumping around, so I just followed him. I set him right and then I stopped to talk—I don't know for how long. You know how time goes sometimes."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Meagan drily, but her heart sang a little to itself that she might have known that everything was all right.

"The Frake woman has been told to move on."

"Gee, I'm glad of that," announced the young man. "She's not the sort to be that close to a couple of nice girls."

Mrs. Meagan had taken the coffee pot and proceeded to the kitchen where she dumped the



grounds and began to refill it for a midmorning cup of coffee for herself.

"Nice they may be and maybe not," she called back to him. "That's for me to find out, with what I'm hearing about that little redhead and the fine clothes she wears and all."

Jimmy followed her out into the kitchen and towered above her.

"What's the matter with her clothes? She's a snappy dresser and that's no crime, is it? I happen to know that her clothes don't cost her very much—she's a hound for bargains."

Mrs. Meagan, hands on hips, was in no way abashed by Jimmy's height or Jimmy's indignation.

"How come you know so much about her, James? But if you know what she pays for her hats and her fur jacket, perhaps you can also tell me where she got the nice shiny coupe she drives, that we knew nothing of when she came here to rent a cheap apartment ten days ago."

"Sure I can. Miss Treliss has had a promotion with the Company. She is demonstrating the new electric ranges all over town and out in the county too. The Company provides her with a car and that's that."

"That's that, is it? And the swell dressed man who drives around town with her? He has the look of a married man, James."

"He is married. He's the manager of the range department and is going around with her just at first to show her the ropes. Is there anything else that those old tabbies downstairs would like to know about Margaret Ann Treliss?"

Mrs. Meagan began to bustle about. "It's not the old tabbies that matter—It's Meagan herself that's going to keep The Oaks a decent place. So none of your back talk to me. You clear out if it's time for you to go to work and let me put this place to rights for the little girl that you're bringing home to supper tonight."

Jimmy put his hands on her broad shoulders. "Gee, but you're swell, Aunt Cora, and I'm not kicking on anything you want to know to keep The Oaks clean and decent. I told Margaret Ann that you were better than a hundred chaperons even if The Oaks wasn't in the best section of town."

"That's twice, Jimmy Dutton, that you've called her Margaret Ann. 'Tis a good name, but are you entitled to be calling her by it?"

Jimmy's was not the kind of face that can tell tales successfully—especially when Mrs. Meagan asked. She had a seven year habit of

worming things out of him. No use to push back the straight lock of hair from over the blue eyes. Mrs. Meagan guessed the truth and he saw that she guessed.

"So, —" she said slowly. "So, it's little redhead, is it? And when did you do your courting?"

"Oh, we met at the Company lunchroom and saw each other at work, and one way and another. She's great, Aunt Cora. I know she'll like you and I want you to like her. You do—so far, don't you?"

"I was plannin', Jimmy, that you and your girl could have the vacant apartment on the first floor—just across from the church and all. Like her? Give an old woman time to think, Jimmy. She's different from what I dreamed for you. Jimmy—" she looked up at him searchingly,—"is your Margaret Ann a good Catholic girl?"

"No," said Jimmy. "She isn't, Aunt Cora, but—"

Mrs. Meagan pushed past him. "But me no buts, James Dutton. I can't hand over my responsibility for you to any but a good Catholic girl that I know will keep you up to the mark I have dragged you up to so far."

"Ah, Aunt Cora," began the distressed Jimmy but she waved him away.

"Get along with you. You can bring her to

### Gates of Olivet

PASCHAL BOLAND, O. S. B.

*You fear to pass them—  
The gates of Olivet;  
You see the shadowed cross  
And you're not ready yet.*

*You know you should turn in  
But still you hesitate,  
For there the sweat is blood  
Because the pain is great.*

*O coward, coward soul!  
Afraid? Not ready yet  
To follow Christ, Our Lord,  
Through gates of Olivet?*

supper just the same but it won't do, Jimmy—it won't do."

After Jimmy had shut the door behind him, Mrs. Meagan poured herself her coffee but left it on the table untasted, as she looked over her untidy apartment in disgust. She made a movement to close the daybed and stopped.

"It won't do," she muttered to herself again. "It's Meagan that must save him again."

*IT WAS* late that afternoon. Margaret Ann Treliss sat poised daintily on a straight chair in Mrs. Meagan's living room. Mrs. Meagan had noticed grimly how she had brushed a little at the lavender skirt where a fleck of soot had come off upon it. She observed too how the girl tried to avoid looking at the daybed which still sprawled out occupying more than its share of the space. The odor of meat and onion stew permeated the air.

"There he lay, Miss Treliss," continued Mrs. Meagan, clutching the smock closer where the top button was missing, "him only six days old. His mother was in the next room with no life left in her hardly what with the way she had weakened herself by drink.

"Did I tell you how his father had died with the drink? Yes. Well, the doctor he claps on his hat and starts to leave. 'I'll stop by the undertaker's as I go,' he says. You see in them days telephones weren't so common, not at least in that part of the city.

"I looked at the baby and sure enough he was blue and that still I couldn't blame the doctor for going. There was no hope. But I thought still it was a shame even if he did look like a little dead monkey. So I heated some milk and put a few drops of brandy into it, and pried them little blue lips open and got a little in. Five minutes later I did the same thing again, and the lips moved. You couldn't call it a smack but at least there was a movement and I kept it up and put warm towels about him—and next morning when the undertaker arrived I just told him to get out and stay out. There wasn't any dead baby and there wasn't going to be any dead baby."

Margaret Ann had listened intently and with shining eyes. She forgot to avoid the dusty arms of the chair with her lavender sleeves. Mrs. Meagan watched her closely without seeming to do so. The girl didn't look so flip with

the pancake hat off and her white forehead showing where the red hair waved softly back.

"So," breathed the girl, "you saved Jimmy's life, didn't you?"

"Humph," retorted Mrs. Meagan, "and saddled myself with a life job when I did it. His mother died and his sister took him away and did for him somehow or other, working herself to death. She didn't have no constitution and you can't wonder at it, what with her parents like they were."

"But Jimmy is strong," said Margaret Ann proudly.

"Like a horse," agreed Mrs. Meagan, "but strength ain't all. Well, the next I heard of James Dutton, that boy was down at police headquarters where I was the matron. The officers had brought him in looking like a scared rabbit. He and another boy had been throwing pebbles down off the church roof and had the misfortune to hit Officer Donegan on the head. So up he goes and drags them down to headquarters.

"The captain puts the boys into a cell and begins to pace back and forth outside, calling to someone to know if they had the scaffold ready to hang the boys on. Well, a little of that was good to put the fear of the law into them, but he kept it up most all afternoon and I up and told the captain a few of the things he had done as a boy down in the old Second Ward, so he turned them loose with a warning.

"So then, having saved him as a baby I figured I'd just have to take James in off the streets and save him again."

"He surely is a credit to you, Mrs. Meagan."

"So so. But there's only one thing that holds a man in line, his wife and his religion. You don't want to get mixed up with James, Miss Treliss. For one thing he doesn't make enough money for you and me both—all I get for being manager here is the rent of this bit of an apartment. You can see for yourself that we couldn't all live here. You're a nice girl, I guess—at least you have explained the things that didn't look so good, but Jimmy is not in your class what with his drunken dad and mother."

Margaret Ann stood up and the color rose in her transparent skin. She protested in a voice that trembled huskily.

"You are against us—I can see that, Mrs. Meagan, and I don't know why. You seem so different from what Jimmy said you were like. But let me tell you something. Jimmy at least had parents who could give him a name—and that is more than I had."

Mrs. Meagan rose heavily to her feet. "If it hadn't of been for me, Miss Treliss, your young man would have ended up in a reform school."

"And I did end there," declared the girl passionately. "Not for any fault of mine except being homeless and you know how the kind authorities lump all together. I never knew my mother—I would have loved her and forgiven her if she had kept me with her—but you see I'm not too good for Jimmy. But I am good and there is something in me that loves all things clean and decent. And I love Jimmy, but don't worry—I won't take him from you."

She seized the pancake hat that she had put down on the table at Mrs. Meagan's invitation, jammed it onto her head farther than ever over one eye and turned toward the door. Mrs. Meagan almost relented at the sight of the tears coursing down her cheeks.

A whistling was heard in the hallway and Jimmy appeared, a happy grin spreading from ear to ear as he saw Margaret Ann.

"Here we all are," he called out as he hurried to her. "Supper ready, Aunt Cora?"

For once in her life Mrs. Meagan lacked something to say but Margaret Ann did not, although there was a sob in her voice.

"Your supper may be but not mine. I don't come where I am not wanted, thank you."

Mrs. Meagan watched grimly from her door as he tried to catch the girl but she fled downstairs with him after her taking two steps at a time. Alone she heard the streetdoor bang after them far down below and leaned against the door frame for a few minutes. Then she went into the bedroom, jerked off the pink smock as if contaminated by it and threw the garment on the floor.

She glared at it angrily. "You've

done a plenty this time—and overdone—and only yourself to thank if they get married before ever they show up again."

She paused as a thought suddenly struck her—"If they ever do show up again. Ah me! For an interfering old woman."

But action was still necessary to Mrs. Meagan. She seized the offending smock gingerly between two fingers and proceeded downstairs to Mrs. Hogue's apartment where she knocked determinedly upon the door, until that lady appeared.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hogue, but here's your smock. After I looked at the stains I decided that it was no use to try to get them out."

Where had Jimmy gone with Miss Treliss? Mrs. Meagan went on down to the first floor and let herself into the front apartment with the key that always hung at her belt. Grieving for plans gone wrong she looked around at the little rooms and noticed that the low afternoon sun was coming in at the front windows. As she pulled the shade down a trifle she glanced out and saw two figures outside on the front steps. Cautiously she raised one window a couple of inches and shamelessly sank onto her knees to listen.

By this time it was Jimmy who was angry.

"I don't know what you mean by calling her dirty," he said hotly. "I left the apartment all upset this morning and she sure told me about it. That was my fault. I suppose something happened that she hadn't gotten it cleaned up when you went in this afternoon. She wasn't looking for you until supper time, you know."

"She was looking for me all right—she left a note under my door to come to see her. But I don't mean the apartment anyhow. I mean her," Margaret Ann insisted drearily. "I mean

Mrs. Meagan herself in her dirty smock. It's all right, Jimmy. She saved your life as a baby and you owe it to her to stay with her, but I can't. She doesn't want me and made it very plain. Oh, I was willing to keep on working so that we could afford to get married,

### The Martyr's Offertory\*

WALTER SULLIVAN, O. S. B.

"O Christ, accept my flesh"

Ignatius cried:

"O Christ, receive my blood

Ere it be dried

in victory:

For 'tis Thy wheat ground by the teeth of beast,

And this Thy wine poured out for Love's sweet feast—  
Eternity."

\* From Office of St. Ignatius, February 1, 1937.

even though I'd rather have a home—but I can't make my home with her and that's that."

"She doesn't need us to support her, Margaret Ann. Come on back, Dear."

"It's no use, Jimmy. I'm going. No, you can't come with me."

She shook off his detaining hand on her arm and ran lightly down the steps to the sidewalk. Mrs. Meagan heard Jimmy's dejected steps in the hallway and then on up the stairs. She stayed on her knees at the window, watching the fitting of a lavender skirt as its owner crossed the little park, passed the flowering almonds—and to Mrs. Meagan's amazement tripped on up the steps of the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows and disappeared through the door.

Mrs. Meagan closed the window quickly and got to her feet, muttering to herself many things not complimentary to the efficient manager of The Oaks. There was a phrase about minding her own business but no application of it as she heavily followed the lavender dress across the park, up the church steps and on into the church.

The light was growing dim in the church, but she had no trouble in seeing the bright red head of a girl kneeling in a pew near the altar of the Blessed Mother. Majestically Mrs. Meagan proceeded to the pew and knelt beside her.

The pancake hat lay in the pew and Mrs. Meagan murmured to herself, unconscious that she too had taken no time to put on her own hat before coming into the church. The sobbing girl did not look up until she felt an arm about her waist.

"It's all right, Child—forgive a meddlesome old woman that can explain everything."

Margaret Ann looked at her uncomprehendingly.

"I thought you weren't a Catholic, my dear—Jimmy thought so too—and I thought he needed a good Catholic girl like any boy."

"I'm not Catholic," said Margaret Ann, weeping softly, "and I suppose I shouldn't have rushed over here like this—but you see I have no mother—and a girl alone in the world sometimes wants a mother."

"And why not?" asked Mrs. Meagan. "Sure and the Blessed Mother belongs to all of us. You came to the right place. Now, tell me that

you'll stay right here for a few minutes longer—just a little while—will you promise an old woman this one little thing?"

"Well—I'd like to stay here—if it's all right," said Margaret Ann, wiping her eyes.

Mrs. Meagan had never in her life covered the distance between the church and The Oaks in less time. The arduous flights of steps made her legs ache, but she steamed into the little apartment and took Jimmy by the shoulders where he stood gazing gloomily down upon the roofs of the city below them.

"Get on over to the Church, James Dutton."

He turned upon her rebelliously and she shook him. "Do as I tell you—there's a girl over there—a nice little Catholic girl waiting for you."

"There's only one girl in the world for me, Aunt Cora, and you know who that is—and she is off of me for life."

"Get on over, Jimmy," she pleaded. "It's a little red-headed girl that's found her way by the short cut of a broken heart to the feet of the Blessed Mother—and if you and Father Connor can't show her the regular path one of these days—you aren't good for much with a start like that."

Jimmy's face lit up. "Aunt Cora—you mean it's Margaret Ann?" he was already at the door.

"I do mean it, Jimmy—and just keep her away long enough for me to shake a little order into this apartment before I get supper on."

### *Rural Rhapsody*

(Continued from page 293)

that those Pollyana roses—in all the shades—are glorious for borders, hedges—just anywhere.

One more flash—for that Washington Birthday celebration cup cakes are no trouble to make, and when they are dressed up in red, white and blue they go over big—with the children. But be sure there is a wee flag topping each.

And the very loveliest thing about February is the realization that next comes March, and that means Spring is on its way. Spring may have to do some detouring, sure, but it's on its way.



## Preserving the Classics

Adrian Fries, O. S. B.

"**R**EADING maketh a full man." Saint Benedict judiciously sets aside in his Rule several hours of the monastic day for reading and studying. Hence it is not strange that we should find Benedictine libraries well developed almost from the very beginning.

We must not imagine, however, that the libraries of those ancient days were possessed of hundreds of thousands of books, as are those of our own time. A collection of several hundred volumes was considered, and rightly so, a respectable if not a pretentious library. The abbey of Novalesse with its 6700 volumes was outstanding. The relative paucity of books, however, will not seem so remarkable when we consider the method of transcribing them.

With no printing press or anything similar to one, the monks had slowly and painfully to copy every single letter by hand. A special room—properly arranged—was set aside as a *scriptorium*, or transcribing room. Here the monks would assemble at specified times to carry on the laborious task of preserving for posterity the gems of a classical age. I say *laborious task*, for it was not an easy matter—this transcribing—as you might well imagine. One ancient monk of St. Gall left on the corner of a lengthy manuscript the following interesting observation: "He who does not know how to write imagines it to be no labor; but though three fingers only hold the pen, the whole body grows weary." Many a monk spent years in the transcription of a single work. Nor were the books of the monastic libraries, as I have already intimated, solely of a religious or theological character.

Works on everything from poetry to mathematics—stately, scholarly tomes, often gorgeously decorated—were the pride and joy of every medieval monastery. Livy, Josephus, Virgil, Ovid, Cicero and the rest would not be known today were it not for the monks. Montalembert says pointedly that without the mo-

nastic copyists of the Middle Ages "we should possess nothing—absolutely *nothing*—of classic antiquity."

It was, indeed, the extreme care with which the monks transcribed that makes their work all the more valuable. The most minute legislation was laid down for the conduct of the scriptorium and library. An *armarian* was appointed to take complete charge. It was his duty to see that all the books in his custody were accurately catalogued, and to see that the copyists were well supplied with ink, parchments and other necessities. He had, moreover, charge of the lending department. Books were always generously lent out to other monasteries and to the neighboring poor, but for the "great and precious books" explicit permission was required from the abbot.

We of our day—smothered in books—upon reading a volume through, are wont to place it on the shelf, there to be altogether neglected or regarded at best as mere reference material. Not so the monks. Once a work left the hands of the author, it remained in constant use for months. It was immediately sent off to a neighboring monastery, where a half-dozen scribes got to work and transcribed it for their own house. This monastery, in turn, then sent the original to one house and the copy to another; thus two more copies were made. In this manner a book made the rounds and was returned finally to the author, usually with an extra copy as compensation.

Naturally, the Bible was copied with extraordinary care. The transcription was usually read, revised and read again to make sure of its integrity.

But the monks, as we have already indicated, did not only copy books; they also wrote them. It is to the *Chronicles* and *Annals* of the monasteries that we owe most of our knowledge of the Middle Ages. The monks took the minutest account of the happenings not only in the mon-

asteries themselves but in the respective kingdoms as well. Saint Bede, an English Benedictine of the sixth century, is considered the father of English history. After twelve hundred years his "Ecclesiastical History" is still hardly rivaled, even from a critical point of view. One English Protestant of the sixteenth century was forced to admit: "Without the monks, we should have been as ignorant of our own history as children."

Since books play such a great part in life, it does not take much reflection to see that we owe the early monks an immense debt of gratitude for transmitting to posterity such a wealth of ancient classic literature. We have, it is true, received much, but we can only surmise what a treasure house we *might* have had, if vandals like Henry VIII had not consigned so much to the flames. A contemporary laments that "whole shippes ful" were at times carted off and destroyed.

It is a pity that we of our day have lost almost entirely a taste for classical literature. I think we might well characterize this as an age of too many books and not enough literature. The printing press—wonderful as it is—has been the occasion of much evil. Perhaps if men had to print books by hand, as the old monks did, the modern book shelf would not be cluttered up with the insipid, too often vile, stuff that flows in a constant deluge from our present-day printing presses. And the world would be much better off. Happy the day when men will again realize that "what is not worth reading is not worth printing!"

### *Come Clean*

(Continued from page 292)

"You have the floor," he said, "and it doesn't look like you want to give it up, so get going."

"There is an old Latin saying that refers to the hands as the 'organa organorum' of the body. We meet with the English equivalent of that phrase almost daily. How many times do you say, 'It's the work of his hands?' And do you always mean that the work was done with the hands? Maybe the hands had nothing to do with it at all and still we say so.

"And, now," I continued, "do you know how the priest got his hands dirty by saying the

first part of the Mass? Perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't. He may have been handling the incense and censor, if the Mass happened to be a Solemn High Mass. Nevertheless, the washing of his hands shows how great is his respect for the Body of the Savior, Which is so soon to be cradled in those same hands. And don't you think that it's a good way to remind the priest and all who are present that the time has come for a final cleansing of the body and mind and the soul and heart?"

The Cynic came to life and began paging through a copy of the New Testament he had found on my desk. Suddenly it struck me what he was looking for.

"You'll find it in the thirteenth chapter of St. John, verse ten," I said, "and that will explain a whole lot to you."

See to it that you miss none of your Communion, because we cannot give a greater joy to our enemy than by withdrawing from Him Who robs him of all the power that he has over us.—St. Margaret Mary.

### **Answer**

GLADYS WILMOT GRAHAM

A soul,  
Enslaved by grief,  
Was tossed to fury like  
The frothing waters of the sea  
In storm.

*And so, in woe it only rose to break  
As waves do in the middle of the lake.*

It sought  
A solid rock  
On which to stand and fight  
For freedom that it craved with stern  
Desire.

*With husky voice it screamed its cry aloud,  
Alike to mariner, to ship, to cloud.*

And then, . . .  
From out the deeps,  
When all of life had swooned,  
There came a hand—One Crucified—  
To save.

*This soul forgot how drunken waters swirled,  
And slapped, and spat, and terrified the world.*

## Spiritual Reading for the Oblate's Leisure

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

**T**HE Oblate of St. Benedict is dedicated to a life of more than ordinary Catholic perfection. Without fervor it is practically out of the question to lead a religious life, and without some daily short spiritual reading and reflection there can be no lasting fervor. My suggestion for you who are living in the world according to the Rule and Spirit of St. Benedict is to foster devotion to God during 1937 by a DAILY SPIRITUAL READING AND REFLECTION.

The dominant mood of Christian life is hope, hope for a loving union with God in a dear eternity. During life we are always losing hope and giving way to discouragement because we have forgotten our aim and destiny, a happy eternity. It is remarkable how hope is restored through good spiritual reading. Here I cite only a few instances of people who rose from moral and spiritual failure and regained hope and the fighting spirit through the grace of spiritual reading.

Some of you are familiar with the last grace in the conversion of St. Augustine, the illustrious bishop of Hippo. He had lived a wild life, and for twelve years was a slave to impurity. The persevering prayers of his mother, St. Monica, and the sermons of St. Ambrose, the bishop of Milan, had paved the way for the final grace of conversion. Augustine was sitting one morning in the garden, tormented with discouragement and doubt, when he felt inspired to open the bible lying beside him on the bench. At the place he opened the scriptures this is what he read: "It is now the hour for us to rise from sleep... Let us then put off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness not in chambering and impurities... but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." Full of hope at these words of St. Paul, Augustine resolved to amend his life. He made his confession, later became a priest, and one of the greatest teachers of the Holy Catholic Faith.

St. Ignatius Loyola, lying wounded in a hospital, felt bored to death, and asked for a love story. The librarian of the hospital had nothing in tales of romance. All that he could find for Ignatius was a tattered volume of the Lives of the Saints. With a yawn and a look of utter boredom Ignatius began to read. As he read, his interest kindled. He was reading the greatest love story ever told, the heroic love story of men and women in love with God. When Ignatius put down the book he had lost interest in his career as a Spanish free lance adventurer, and had already begun to become a saint.

After a sensual and unholy life, Francois Coppee, the great French poet, was stricken on a bed of terrible suffering. In the hours of pain that followed, Coppee entered into himself, and was horrified at the hideous state of his soul. He called a priest, one known to him for his exquisite gentleness and his rare distinction of soul. He received absolution with great comfort, but felt unworthy to receive Holy Communion. His confessor told him to pray and to READ THE HOLY GOSPEL. Meditation on the Gospel opened his eyes. As he himself confessed in his "La Bonne Souffrance": "During the weeks and months in bed I have lived the Gospel. Little by little each line of the holy book became living for me, and has convinced me that it speaks the truth. Because I have read and meditated on the Gospel, my heart is ready now and full of calm and courage. I have been like you, poor sinner of the troubled soul... O, my brother, as you I was then, so miserable, and I sought a confidant full of clemency and tenderness. I found Him. Do as I have done. OPEN YOUR GOSPELS AND RETURN TO THE CROSS."

Another example of the influence of good reading came home to me recently in reading a book by Dorothea Brande, "Wake Up and Live." In this remarkable book the author admits that one sentence from a book that she read filled her with new hope and changed her

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## The Editor's Page

# CAN WE GO FORWARD?

## A Thought for Catholic Leaders



THE last time a census was taken of the Catholic population in the United States, it was found that we numbered over twenty million and that there had been an increase of many thousands, possibly one million. I am not sure of the increase; I only remember that one writer asked: "Where is the other million?" Not long ago a worried pastor published definite statistics to show at what a fearful rate Catholics had fallen away from their Church within the limits of his parish. I recently heard the pastor of a country district give practically the same account. There are cities I know of in which, if all the fallen-away Catholics had remained faithful, it would be necessary to build another church.

**WE CATHOLICS**—priests and lay folk—ought never to feel smug satisfaction at our numbers; rather should we be shamefully conscious of our appalling lack of converts, our list of fallen-aways and bad Catholics in high places. We should face the situation honestly and do what we can to remedy it. Did you ever stop to think that every human being ought to be sharing in the blessings and privileges of the true Church of Christ; and that you and I are obliged to do all that we can to gather in the lost sheep and to keep them within the fold?

Just why do people fall away from the Church? There are many reasons. In this little article I want to suggest one reason, which, to my mind, is very common and yet very much overlooked. And, in order to get to the bottom of the matter, we shall have to do a bit of digging in what may seem to be a rather round-about way.

**WHEN** I learned to drive a car, it was in the days when, in order to start the motor, it was necessary to do a lot of laborious cranking. Today, all one needs to do is press a button. Our present life is incomparably more easy than life twenty-five or fifty years ago. Now we can do most anything by pressing a button or turning a wheel. The instantaneous zipper has even relieved us of the necessity of buttoning our clothes!

Now, although this is all very good in itself, it seems that it has built up a state of mind which has produced a very bad effect in one field, the most important and serious field in all human endeavor—the education of the young. We want our young to grow up in holiness and sanctity of life; we want them always to observe the Commandments; we want them always to stick to their religion and their God. So what do we do? We tell them to be good, not to do wrong, to be good Catholics. Of course, we go into much detail throughout the years of training we seek to give them; however, the theme of it all



# DRARD IN REVERSE?

for *Public Press Month*

can be reduced to the business of positive or negative precept. We do a lot of this dinning, then wonder why our pupils in later life do not remain faithful. The answer is easy. Human beings are not machines; you cannot always expect results from them by the simple, easy method of pressing a button. We have tried to reverse an order which has stood since the beginning of time.

**O**PEN to the first page of any catechism. There you will find that we are in this world to know God, to love Him, to serve Him, and thereby gain heaven. Now note the order of this threefold purpose: 1) know, 2) love, 3) serve. We do not serve one whom we do not love; we do not love one whom we do not know. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that a person love God before he comes to serve Him faithfully and perseveringly; and it is absolutely necessary for him to know God before he can love Him. This is the same thing as to say that a man will not keep up the practice of his religion unless he loves it; that he will not love it unless he knows it, and knows it properly. We cannot change this in any age; we cannot ever expect service without love, or love without knowledge. Knowledge, then, is first and foremost.

Various aspects of this training to know and to love one's God and one's religion may be considered. My space is limited; hence let me come

to the one I had in mind at the beginning.

Did you ever enter a Catholic home and find a young man or young woman reading a Catholic book or paper or magazine? I never did. But I have often found them reading a daily paper or a popular magazine. Now all will agree that most of us pick up our ideas and thought from what we read. But what do we read in even the most respectable of the popular magazines? Stories—for that is what most people read—which are usually immoral. I know you will not believe this until I prove it to you.

**W**HAT is an immoral story? An immoral story is one in which something contrary to the laws of God, like adultery, birth control, divorce, marital infidelity, stealing, etc., is approved. Now in a story a thing is approved if the hero or heroine does the thing as something which is all right, or even praiseworthy. Read through any magazine and you will almost invariably find people doing these things quite as a matter of course, as a matter of ordinary right living. Unconsciously one approves of all that one's hero does. How easy it is, therefore, to come to love those things!

Knowing, as we do, that most of our young people devour huge quantities of this poisonous mental food, let us not be surprised at the impatience and anger these same young  
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# Personality Club

Jocelyn Bart

## I.

**I**N THE last column, we accepted the definition of personality 'outward expression of inward self.' We saw that this 'self' is composed of six selves. Each of these is composed of many characteristics, habits, peculiarities which we can acquire, by effort and will, or root out if we so choose. The aim of these columns is to suggest how to build these selves by acquiring some suggested traits and getting rid of unfavorable characteristics. Each time, we will endeavor to survey our work, select one thing to acquire or omit, and give an example of that characteristic or its opposite.

In our last column, we began with the first self built in each of us, (one which some of us never work into harmony with our other selves)—the Child Self. We looked at a favorable trait of childlikeness—enthusiasm and interest in the little things of daily life. This month, we will regard the second self, the Social Self, and we will consider one of the most important phases of this social self—the phase by which we are or are not social—the art of conversation.

## II.

**M**ANY of the readers will say right here, "a person either has the gift of gab or hasn't and that is an end to it." Will you read my accounts to the contrary and then re-state your attitude if you still hold it?

This column does not refer so much to those who find it easy to talk naturally and freely to friends or strangers alike, but rather does it refer to those who wish to be sociable but "cannot think of a thing to say."

I would like to lay down a few general rules and then give some examples of those who followed them and changed from being tongue-tied to being excellent, even interesting, conversationalists.

The first rule is important—do not pause and worry about whether what you are about to say will or will not interest the person to whom you are speaking. Say it. Most people will not

take seriously your conversation and will not weigh your words and judge 'that did interest me' or 'I am not interested in that'. I do not mean to say anything, right off-hand, just to be talking, to fill every half second of silence, but, on the whole, say what comes into your mind, and unless you are one of the few born-wrong sayers, you will get along splendidly. I knew a tall English lad of twenty who wanted to converse but would debate thus within himself: "Shall I ask her if she likes to dance? No, that is silly and anyhow, she might just say yes and nothing more and then I cannot ask her if she likes to walk, and on and on. Shall I mention a movie I saw and liked? What if she didn't see it and merely says so, ending that line?" etc. Far better had he taken good advice and begun a conversation, making everyone feel at ease. What if he had to ask several questions as "did you see that?" "do you swim?" "do you like music?" No harm in that. The partner would know that he was trying his best to be pleasant and conversational. Therefore, the first rule is to talk—and do not hesitate about what to say.

Now, about what to talk? In general, questions about music, shows, books, places are just fine. Questions of a personal nature are not good subject matter unless introduced by the other party and unless you wish to impart some of your own personal history in the bargain. History of one's self is soon done with, as a subject, unless you wish to go over the matter again and again, or give more details. This is seldom satisfactory in the long run. You do not want to hear four times or more how Jim phoned Sally and asked for a date or hear too often (if at all) details of a quarrel between so-called sweethearts. You might be asked to return some details about your own quarrels and you might not like to do so. Too much hard feeling and boring minutes are results of too much personal conversation.

The personal element of style will enter into your conversation in spite of yourself, and that

is good. Once in awhile a personal incident is welcome, especially if it has an element of humor and if two of the party have not heard it often. Such humorous incidents should not hurt anyone's feelings or disgust anyone's taste. A good humorous incident which happened to one of the young men who wanted to learn to talk easily was his wearing a new tight tux at his first job on the stage—playing the drum—and the tux tearing. He could not leave the stage and the curtain was closed until a friend brought him his overcoat. Another was, one of the singers at the opera walking in the Nile River in a scene, he being an extra and not certain of how it looked from the audience.

Besides humorous incidents, and questions about general topics as dancing or movies, a good subject is current news. In asking questions one should not seek a deep answer, for most persons just skim the papers or magazines, and asking too detailed or specific a question might hurt their pride or make them feel you were seeking to 'show-off.' In stating opinions (and how good it is to hear opinions) it is well to remember Benjamin Franklin's rules about conversation: 'always to say "I think, or, perhaps, or it seems to me, or, I may be wrong but it appears to me—"'

I have known four young persons, all between 16 and 25, who adopted these rules and became very good conversationalists. The first was a shy youth, a senior at a public high, who read books on "what to talk about to people" by the score. The second was a girl—miserably lonely at college socials or groups. The third was the tall youth who had an uneasy time at work. The fourth is a senior at Notre Dame, very handsome, but a failure at every party because he just couldn't think of a thing to say. I used to suggest a string of questions and hear him asking his dance partner these questions one after another, in despair. He soon got over his shyness and he talks endlessly now—and well.

Perhaps sometime later, if anyone so requests, we will suggest some rules for the person who speaks too much. On the whole, people like those who talk a lot rather than those who speak little. Of course, all generalities are—generalities—and there are always exceptions to prove the rule.

### III.

I AM going to quote a conversation between a young man who usually talks quite a bit and a girl who can't think of a thing to say and who wishes she could, but doesn't really try. If you are like that girl, try to see her faults and improve by the above suggestions—if you so desire.

Jim: "Do you like shows?"

Mary: "Oh, yes!"

Jim: "Did you see 'My Man Godfrey'? and did you like it?"

Mary: "Keen."

Jim: "Do you like pictures like "Mary, Queen of Scots"?"

Mary: "I like anything."

Jim: "Do you happen to go on Screeno night?"

Mary: "Yes."

Jim: "Ever win?"

Mary: "Yes, last week." (What a chance for her above to have told him freely.)

Jim: "You did? wow! how much? I never win."

Mary: "I picked a five dollar bill."

Jim: "What do you like to do—dance, sing, sports—?"

Mary: "I'm a girl who likes to have a good time all the time and I like anything."

And Jim gave up in despair.

### EDITOR'S PAGE

(Continued from page 305)

people often show over the restraints imposed on them by religion and by the Ten Commandments. They have quickly forgotten the little they ever knew of God and His religion, therefore have no love for God and religion, therefore have not that which will keep them faithful in time of temptation or when it is hard to obey God rather than passion or the popular trends.

Catholic parents, beware! Don't wait till too late to clean house. What your children read is your responsibility. You may not take the easy way in this matter. A judgment is coming in which you will have to answer not only for yourselves!

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

## "Save the Constitution"

Clarence F. Burkhardt

"**S**OME men," observed Thomas Jefferson in 1816, "look at constitutions with sanctimonious reverence and deem them, like the Ark of the Covenant, too sacred to be touched. They ascribe to the men of the preceding age a wisdom more than human, and suppose what they did to be beyond amendment."

The old flag waver is gone, but in his place we now have the Constitution idolator. There is a deluge of propaganda that attempts to conceal its selfish motives by prating about the sacred Constitution.

It is claimed that the Constitution is the bulwark of our liberties. That is just exactly what it was intended to be; but during our thirteen years' experience with Volsteadism with its search and seizure atrocities, it fell far short of maintaining this title. It is a matter of record that for a long time big business actually financed the Noble Experiment for the very selfish purpose of regimenting the spending habits of the consumer, and only after the futility of the thing finally dawned upon the brilliant minds of its leaders did it turn turtle with the hope of shifting some of the tax burden upon the relegalized liquor traffic.

Ever since the World War this country has had a dictatorship by big business. Should constitutional amendments be proposed that would make it possible to alter this state of affairs, the hullabaloo about the sacredness of the document will become deafening, but it will not deceive any thinking person.

The exploitation of labor that went on previous to the NRA, and which has reappeared since the Supreme Court's destruction of that enactment, calls for an amendment to the Constitution that will remove the obstacles to this necessary reform. The Constitution was made for the people, and not the people for the Constitution. It must be viewed as a means and not an end.

The Dred Scott decision which destroyed another piece of humanitarian legislation and brought the country a step closer to the Civil War, moved President Lincoln to declare that "if the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decision of the Supreme Court . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal."

The very nature of the interests that are so loudly shouting "save the Constitution" should be evidence enough that there must be a catch somewhere. Dr. Johnson's famous remark about patriotism and the scoundrel apply here most fittingly.

It is up to big business now to purge itself of rapacity and stupidity. But will it be able to do this? "Greed darkens the intellect." Can the leopard change its spots?

Since many large corporations are more powerful than any individual state, it follows that if they are to be curbed, the power to do this must be federal. Whether they conduct an interstate or only an intrastate business should not matter. A police department today without automobiles, motorcycles, and radios would be worse than useless. This change from old methods has been forced upon it because organized crime is equipped with all of these things. How far would the G-men have gotten without the Federal Government behind them?

If the government is going to function properly, then it must be able to move as rapidly and as efficiently as big business does; and once action is decided upon, it should not be hampered by any Supreme Court decision.

"Laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind," advised Thomas Jefferson. "As that becomes more developed, more enlightened," he continues, "as new discoveries are made, new truths disclosed,

(Turn to page 317)



## Canon Law

**E**VERY kingdom and government on the face of the earth has its laws, every social organization is guided by its own peculiar statutes, and it is necessary that it should be so. The Catholic Church, which is the Kingdom of God and the Society of the Elect upon earth, is also bound to have a definite code of laws by which her members may be guided in their dealings with God, with Church authorities and with their neighbors. This code of laws is called Canon Law. The name "canon" is taken from the Greek, and means "a rule." It was used as early as the first period of the Christian era to distinguish the ecclesiastical from the civil law.

To grasp fully the wonderful development of the laws of the Church, one has to look back in spirit through the centuries and follow the ever growing seed of the Church in every step and period of its advancement. Her laws marched side by side with her steady geographical extension. They were based ultimately upon the natural and Divine law, of which the former manifests itself in the fundamental instincts of the human heart, such as, the love of the parent for the child, while the latter has been revealed to us in the books of Holy Scripture. Many laws had been given to the Israelites in the Old Testament. Some of these the Church has retained (e. g., the Ten Commandments, certain regulations concerning marriage), others she has rejected as being merely of a ceremonial nature and, as such, abrogated by Christ her Divine Founder together with the Old Covenant itself. Christ and the Apostles left other precepts which were handed down together with the New Testament writings from one generation to the next. Add to them the enactments of various Councils, the decrees of many Popes, legitimate customs which received the force of law, and some wise principles and regulations borrowed from the old Roman Law, and you will have a fairly complete list of the sources of Canon Law.

It can be easily imagined what a gigantic task it was to collect and arrange these hundreds of scattered canons into some coherent

order, and especially so, since it was not until the twelfth century that any attempt seems to have been made along this line. The "Decretum" of Gratian, published at Bologna in 1148, was the first scientific work on the subject of Church Law. Even this was not professedly a collection of canons, but rather a general treatise with the texts of numerous canons inserted into the body of the work to serve as illustrations.

Gratian's effort however created a stimulus for research work and facilitated the labors of subsequent canonists. In 1234 Pope Gregory IX issued his "Decretals" which represented a more advanced stage in the work of collecting and cataloging the confused mass of ecclesiastical laws.

The decisions of the Council of Trent and later papal enactments augmented the already large number of canons. Because of the promulgation of new decrees and in order that the "Body of Canon Law," as it was called, might be brought up to date, Pope Pius X of blessed memory ordered a new, complete and official codification or compilation to be begun. This was finished and published with the supreme legislative authority of the late Pope Benedict XV on Pentecost, May 27, 1917, and went into effect on the following Pentecost, 1918 under the name, "Code of Canon Law." It contains two thousand, four hundred and fourteen canons pertaining to the internal and external government of the Church. The whole work is divided into five books, and in fact contains everything needed for the administration of so large and extensive a society as the Catholic Church.

Perhaps you will ask, "Well how does it come that we of the laity have heard so little of this collection of laws? What are they all about? If they are intended to be the safe guides of Catholic activities and of the relations between the Church and her members, then all Catholics should have some knowledge of these laws." But we say the reason why Catholics in general do not need to have an exact and detailed acquaintance with Canon Law is best shown by

a comparison of Church law with civil law. There are doubtless many more civil laws than there are ecclesiastical laws, because civil law covers so many different phases of social, political and domestic life, whereas Church law regulates only the matters pertaining to the spiritual life of its subjects. Besides, civil law differs in different countries, states and localities, but Church law governs the Church universal. If every private member of society would be expected to know all the laws of his country, we might dispense with lawyers. Even the lawyers themselves do not know every jot and tittle of the law, but they must consult books of reference in particular cases. In Church matters, the parish priest serves the members of his flock as the lawyer does his client. The priest has the reference book of Canon Law within easy reach, his actions are moulded according to its precepts, oftentimes he enunciates its principles in his sermons, his counsels and rebukes are administered according to its perfect norm. So it is not strictly required that each and every Catholic be intimately acquainted with all the distinctions and intricacies of Church law, *so long as he attends to his religious duties, particularly the Sunday Mass and sermon*, for in this way he gets a practical knowledge of those laws which he must observe. By no means however is the closer acquaintance with ecclesiastical government disapproved or discountenanced; on the contrary, much individual profit would be gained from a more accurate study of it.

### *Suffer the Little Ones to Come to Me*

D. D.

**C**OMMUNISTS today realize the importance of teaching the young. They know that children are like wax ready to be fashioned. So it is that Russia's, Mexico's sole concern is the youth, not only their own but the youth of the world. Children are being inoculated systematically with the virus of Marxianism. They are being shaped into atheists (incidentally one of the best definitions of an atheist was given at a teacher's convention: "one who can't forget God") who have love neither for God nor man. And still the Master's warning sounds

down through the ages, "It were better that a mill-stone."

What a privilege, what a joy it is to impart Truth, "the Beauty ancient yet ever new," to the budding minds of children. Every pastor has the sacred duty of instructing his young charges. Some who may find it irksome at times can learn a great lesson in the life of a great man. John Gerson, Chancellor of the Sarbonne, had a hobby of catechizing the little folk in the neighborhood of the University. To this he devoted his free time. When reproached by some of the "Illuminati" for this seeming waste of time, he said, "A man can spend himself in no better way than in teaching children."

### *Appearances*

D. D.

"**A**LL is not gold that glitters." The words of Shakespeare, are deeply meaningful. By way of analogy take the fruits that may be seen near the Dead Sea. Travelers in Syria tell us that to see them is sufficient to cause the mouth to water. Yet within is black rottenness. If appearances are deceiving, then we may rightly convert the dictum of England's greatest poet into a prosaic "Some things that do not glitter are gold."

It is narrated in the life of the great Jesuit philosopher, Suarez, that when he sought admission into the Society, he was refused for seeming want of talent. His resoluteness and singleness of purpose caused the Superiors to accept him on probation. Now we see his name with that of Aristotle, Augustine, Aquinas. And just as there are Thomistic and Augustinian Schools of Thought, so too the thorough philosopher must fathom the "Suarezian."

See to it that you miss none of your Communion, because we cannot give a greater joy to our enemy than by withdrawing from Him Who robs him of all the power that he has over us.—St. Margaret Mary.

O Sacred Banquet, in which Christ is received, the memory of His passion is renewed, the mind is filled with grace, and a pledge of future glory is given to us.—St. Thomas.

# From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.



The eyes record about eighty-seven per cent of all the impressions received by the human body.

Bees can fly at a speed of sixty to eighty miles an hour.

More than seventy-five per cent of all ships being built outside the United States are to use Diesel engines for power.

According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the eleventh year of one's life is the safest. The disease mortality at that age is negligible.

Ozone would make an effective though expensive war gas.

The bee is so short-lived that it never lives to consume the honey it gathers.

The average height of man has increased about two inches during the past century.

Titanium dioxide is the whitest pigment known to man.

There are more than 600,000 different kinds of insects known to man.

The hypothalamus, a small gland located at the base of the brain, acts as a thermostat in regulating a uniform temperature in the body.

A three-inch-thick plate of a newly developed "multi-cellular" glass has a sound-absorbing quality equal to a brick wall about a foot in thickness. Nails can be driven through this glass without breaking it.



Bees consume ten pounds of honey to manufacture one pound of wax.

To make the paper for a single Sunday edition of a newspaper in a large city about 240 acres of pulp wood are required.

The fuel cost for a transcontinental trip recently made was only \$7.63. A Diesel motor was used in the auto.

The wasp was the first paper-making machine. It chews up wood and spreads the pulp as a layer of paper over its home.



The eyes of an eagle weigh twice as much as its brain.

The presence of bees in the orchard at blossom time has increased the fruit yield as much as ten times.

Metal tubes replace strings in a piano which never requires tuning.

Mortar clings only half as well to second-hand brick as to new brick, making a wall of such brick only half as strong and safe as when new brick is used.

Contrary to popular belief, children in warmer climates mature more slowly than those in temperate climates.

At the beginning of the century the average length of life for American men was 48, now it is 59; for women it was 51, now it is 63.

The sea otter is one of the most valuable fur-bearing animals in the world. Single pelts have been sold for as much as \$2500.

Accidental stings on a rheumatic gentleman led to the discovery that bee-stings have therapeutic properties for rheumatism.

To keep a road map up to date, about 300 changes must be made each year.



## Query Corner

*Is it true that there are more holy days of obligation in some countries than in others? Do Catholics in the United States observe more, or fewer, holy days of obligation than do Catholics in other countries?*

There are ten holy days of obligation for the universal Church, although all of them are not universally binding on all Catholics. These ten feasts are: Christmas, Circumcision, (New Year's Day), Epiphany, Ascension, Corpus Christi, Immaculate Conception, Assumption, St. Joseph, Sts. Peter and Paul, and All Saints. In the United States the feasts of Epiphany, Corpus Christi, St. Joseph, and Sts. Peter and Paul are not observed as holy days of obligation. Owing to particular circumstances, similar exceptions are made in other countries. In general, those countries which are missionary countries, or until recently have been considered as such, observe fewer holy days of obligation, while those countries which have traditionally been considered Catholic observe all or nearly all of the ten holy days.

*Is the practice of making the sign of the Cross of recent origin, or was it done also in the early Church?*

Christian writers of the second and third centuries after Christ explicitly mention the usage of making the sign of the Cross. From this ancient and reliable testimony, especially that of Tertullian, it is evident that the practice of making the sign of the Cross was very common in the early Church.

*Does the Church or the priest who offers Mass for a deceased person know when that person has been delivered from Purgatory?*

Neither the Church nor any priest of the Church claims the power to know or foretell when a soul is delivered from Purgatory. This is a secret which God keeps to Himself, and into which man has no business to pry.

*If a child who has been baptized by a Non-Catholic is dying, is it necessary to baptize it again in order to make sure its salvation?*

If the first baptism was validly administered, regardless of the person who baptized, the child cannot be baptized again, for the Sacrament of Baptism imprints on the soul an indelible character and can be received only once. But if there is reason to doubt the validity of the first baptism, then the child should be baptized conditionally as follows: "If thou art not baptized, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." With regard to baptism administered by Non-Catholics, there usually is sufficient reason to doubt the validity of the baptism, either because of the intention of the person who baptized, or because of the manner in which he baptized. For this reason converts from Protestant denominations who have received baptism in their own rite are usually baptized conditionally before being received into the Catholic Church.

*Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.*

*What is the "Holy Grail"? Does THE GRAIL magazine take its name from the "Holy Grail"?*

The "Holy Grail" is the cup or chalice which according to ancient legends was used by Our Lord at the Last Supper and was later secured by Joseph of Arimathea and brought to England. There the cup was lost, and a series of quests was begun to regain the lost treasure; these quests form the theme of many old English and French romances, the most famous of which are the Arthurian and Percival legends. Because of its legendary association with the Last Supper and the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, the "Holy Grail" has become symbolic of the Holy Eucharist; it is for this reason that THE GRAIL has been chosen as the name of this magazine, one of the chief functions of which is to foster devotion to the Holy Eucharist.

*Is a sick person allowed to receive Holy Communion while not fasting, even though he is not in immediate danger of death and does not receive Holy Communion as Viaticum?*

Yes, if a person has been sick for a month or more and there is no probability that he will quickly recover, he may be permitted by the pastor or confessor to receive Holy Communion once or twice a week, even after having taken some medicine or other liquid. The law of fasting is thus relaxed by the Church for the infirm in order that they may not be deprived of the benefits derived from the frequent reception of the Sacraments.

*If one wishes to gain several plenary indulgences on one day which have Confession, Communion, and a visit to the church as prescribed conditions, can all these indulgences be gained by going to Confession and Communion once and making one visit to a church?*

Holy Communion, which can be received but once a day, suffices for all the indulgences which it is possible to gain during that day. For those who receive Holy Communion frequently a special Confession is not required each time one wishes to gain a plenary indulgence; for the ordinary indulgences the weekly or bi-weekly confession fulfills this requirement. But if a visit to a church is prescribed, a special visit must be made for each indulgence which has this as one of its conditions.

*How many different degrees of the Apostleship of Prayer are there? What obligations are imposed by each degree?*

The Apostleship of Prayer has three degrees: the first degree consists in offering one's prayers, sacrifices, and good works during the day for the intention recommended by the Holy Father for the current month; the second degree consists in the recitation of one Our Father and ten Hail Marys each day according to the Holy Father's intention; the third degree enjoins weekly or monthly Communion in reparation for sins committed against the Sacred Heart.



## Echoes from Our Abbey and Seminary

*Dec. 3.* The feast of St. Francis Xavier is the day on which the Fraters begin their preparations for Christmas. Keeping up the tradition this year the clerics today scattered out through the neighboring woods seeking and gathering moss. Yes, that humble plant, found on logs and rocks, is one of the essentials that go into the various cribs put up in and about the church and the monastery.

*Dec. 7.* At St. Placid Hall a class of Brother Oblates kept to themselves in a real interior, if not exterior solitude. Eleven members of the school made a one-day retreat as a preparation for their Oblation which took place immediately after the first Vespers of the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Of these youths one, Oblate Claude Urban Faust, has completed two years at the school. The others have each completed one year. They are: Oblates John Boniface Blandford, Edmund Columban Shidler, Michael Placidus Shidler, Richard Bernard Shuffe, Gilbert Maurus Toy, Matthew Adrian Priske, Raymond Albert Tokarz, Aloysius Gregory Stack, Augustine Benedict Laemmle, Sylvester Walter Brunet.

*Dec. 8.* Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Father Abbot drove about fifty miles this morning without breakfast in order to arrive in time for the celebration of Pontifical High Mass and Pontifical Vespers. Immediately after the latter he left St. Meinrad and headed in the direction of Chicago.

This evening Father John, the Abbey's Procurator had a hectic time with a man of color who had a truck of oranges and grapefruit and a price for them. Father John, it seemed, had a desire for the oranges and he also had a price. For some reason or other the two prices didn't agree for almost an hour.

*Dec. 10.* Ye olde chronicler noticed today that Father Henry is up and around again after a siege of sickness. Father Abbot also returned this afternoon.

*Dec. 11.* Nursing 103 degrees of fever, Father Abbot was taken to St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, this afternoon.

Work on reducing the size of the recently completed chimney for the power house began today. The chimney had been found out of line and had to be taken down a few notches. About eighty feet will come off the top and then the work of rebuilding it correctly will proceed.

*Dec. 12.* Father Foster, S. J., for three years a missionary in India among the outcasts of that land, made a short but interesting and impressing talk to the Seminary Unit of the C. S. M. C. Moving pictures supplemented the talk.

In the evening, a musicale, put on by Father Rudolf and his choir, entertained the community. A number of classical polyphonic selections opened the program.

Some lighter themes prepared the way for those popular "Four Tones." A comedy skit preceded the finale.

Just before the Christmas vacation started, Father J. P. O'Connor, of the Catholic University, Washington, spent several days in our midst. Undoubtedly he could tell you that they were busy days for him, for he spent much of his time lecturing to the various units of our big family. To say that we certainly appreciate the chance given us of hearing Father O'Connor would be putting it too mildly. Many of us will profit from his talks, I am sure.

Prominent also among our visitors was Father Bede Michel, of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville. Father Bede, who is studying at Notre Dame U., spent his vacation at the Abbey here at the invitation of Father Abbot. Let's hope he was able to get something new from our manner of celebrating Christmas and the holidays.

And now a word about our Christmas. The same program as that of last year held. That is, the "angels" aroused the monastic community at 10:30 P. M. Matins began at 11:00. Midnight Mass was a Pontifical. Lauds followed the Mass, then all to bed again until 5:30 when the Fathers celebrated their three Masses. Instead of having another Pontifical Mass at 9:00, however, this year we had a Solemn High Mass.

After supper, during a "family gathering," the Fraters did the entertaining and, finally, old Santa himself appeared with a sack of candy and nuts for each one present.

The reconstruction of the chimney proceeded almost as fast as the tearing down had gone. December 29 saw it again completed. About eighty feet had been taken off and put on again. The end came just in time, too, for a day of rain set in and kept all outside work at a standstill.

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Self-sacrifice is the very essence of holiness; now devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has a special power to communicate this divine spirit.  
—Faber.

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A soul that communicates should reach that degree that she loves our Lord for Himself.—  
Ven. Pere Eymard.

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St. Aloysius Gonzaga passed all his time in the church when obedience did not call him elsewhere. Before retiring he would say lovingly: "Retire from me, O Lord, retire from me."

# Home Circle

*Conducted by Clare Hampton*

## *Candlemas*

MARY, purest of the pure, voluntarily takes up her Divine Child and, with Joseph, brings gifts to the temple for her purification. Content to be hidden and unknown, holding her very God in her arms, she yet submits to the law which was meant only for lesser mortals. From her we learn how to be humble and modest, instead of being anxious to flaunt our talent or wealth or good fortune before the world; we learn from her, how acceptable to God is humility—the direct opposite of pride, which caused the fall of the angels and of our first parents. We learn from her, obedience; a subservience of our own stubborn wills, which find it so hard to bow and give way before another. We learn also how to be modest and retiring, satisfied to await God's will as she did, doing her work faithfully in the small corner of the world where she was placed, nor seeking to have the world know who she was.

Joseph, too, possessed humility and obedience, prudence and strict adherence to the law of God. Had the Lord decreed that they must do all sorts of impossible, inconvenient things, they would not have questioned Him, but would have obeyed blindly. Joseph was heart and soul with Mary, in all things, and Mary had no other thought than obedience to God's will. They were poor; they had but little to give to the temple. Joseph might have complained that "times were hard, and work scarce," and thus begged off, or stayed away from the temple entirely. But they never dreamed of disobeying the law; they brought two pigeons, as prescribed for the poor, and gave them humbly, with willing hearts.

Three times they were obliged to take long journeys within the short period of time—before the birth of Christ, the journey to the temple for the purification, and the flight into Egypt. Travel was not what it is today; even the trip from Bethlehem to Jerusalem was hard on a young mother with a new-born Babe. A slow-moving ass was all the conveyance they had, and this was anything but comfortable! Yet Mary and Joseph, the ever-obedient, took no thought of themselves.

## *The Funeral Feast*

NOT so many years ago, we still subscribed to the ancient custom of the feast after the funeral. After the long trip to distant cemeteries, we used to find road-houses along the route home dotted with the funeral carriages of the mourners, who were generally treated to food and drink by the undertaker who had charge of the burial. This was the remnant of the age-old "averil" or funeral repast, provided by the family of the deceased to those who came to view the corpse and attend the funeral. Often, too, considerable sums of money were left by will to be spent in this

manner at death among relatives and dependents, on the implied condition that a prayer be said for the departed soul. Unfortunately, there was always a good deal of liquor imbibed, and sometimes old family dissensions were brought up by liquor-heated brains, and fights were frequent.

In fact, the custom of coming to view the remains of the dead is itself the remnant of an ancient custom in which those who were present at the death, were expected to give clear proof that there was no foul play. Those who came to the funeral generally came to satisfy themselves that no murder had been committed, as also that the estate might be justly divided. Often one side of the family viewed the other with ill-disguised suspicion, especially if death was sudden. The honor of the family was thought to depend upon the amount and quality of food and drink that were provided for the funeral feast, and more often than not, for pride's sake, the repast cost more than the family could well afford. Usually, after the corpse was buried, the sexton would station himself at the foot of the grave and tell the mourners where the feast was to be held, whether at the home of the deceased, or at some inn. Today we have the dignified funeral parlor, and the custom of stopping at wayside inns to eat, laugh and carouse, after a funeral, has mercifully come into disuse.

## *Your Piano*

THE piano is coming into its own again; for some ten years or more, folks relegated the piano to the background—either put it in the cellar, kept it locked and dusted as a once expensive, but now useless piece of furniture, or got rid of it entirely. The radio pushed it off the scene and folks said: "Why should I listen to badly played music by some amateur when I can hear the best on the radio?" True; all very true. But did anyone ever think what it meant to train youthful ears to sound, to rhythm, to the actual feel of music under one's fingers, even though that sound, that rhythm, that interpretation was far from the best—often was a trial to the nerves?

The radio was a new and expensive toy, and we found endless delight in it, and for a time we forgot that useless old box with its tautly stretched strings, that nobody knew how to play correctly anyway! But radio did something else for us; it roused us to music and educated us. It brought out and gave a chance to talent that would otherwise have remained obscured forever. Pianists, singers, soloists of every kind, sometimes good, often not so good, obtained their chance before the microphone. And lo, before anyone knew it, they became famous from coast to coast! Little by little, their example fired others to do likewise; even children became enthusiasts, what with amateur hours to spur

them on, and so, once more we have people who long to perform as well as listen. We have become music-conscious to a remarkable degree, and our children are inspired to labor to become perfect enough to take their places in that thrilling world of music revealed to them through the radio.

But even if a child is no prodigy, the fact that he plays but indifferently well on the piano is no reason why the mother should give up in disgust. The training the child thus receives is invaluable to him, and even if he never becomes a star performer, the musical knowledge he has imbibed will be of incalculable benefit.

### *Making the Home Attractive*

**D**ULL winter days are apt to grow tiresome, and the housewife feels dull and drab herself, and tires of the same old round of duties among the same old furniture, walls, rugs, chinaware and clothes. But sometimes it does not cost much to perk up one's spirits by the addition of a little bright touch here and there to the house, or something new for oneself. Many women combat this staleness by changing the furniture around in the various rooms, and having a change of curtains or drapes. For a very little outlay of money, one can change the appearance of a room with new cretonne, if the clearing sales are watched.

If the chairs are beginning to look dingy and they cannot be all upholstered at once, (on account of a stubborn, unyielding budget) try purchasing a nice piece of brocade at the remnant counter and doing one chair at a time yourself. The chairs need not match, except in general color scheme, and the joy of seeing that newly covered chair will last for some weeks. By that time money can be saved up for another piece of good material for the next chair—or even the davenport. It is very easy to lay the material on the removable cushions, pin the edges together on the wrong side and run them up on the machine. Then turn them right side out and slip onto the cushions, whipping the open end shut. The back and arms may be easily covered by laying the material on and cutting around the edge—leaving an inch to turn it. Fold edges and stretch the cloth, fastening it as you go along with tiny upholstering tacks. The work is fascinating, and your pride in the finished job will be unending, to say nothing of the winter, which will slip by unnoticed, drab days and all, and before you know it, it will be Spring, and a good job well done.

If there are any spare dollars, these midwinter sales afford many nice small pieces, such as coffee tables, end tables, a new lamp, a desk for a bedroom, a new bed spread in candlewick, new scarves, etc.

### *Benedictine Missions*

**T**HE fruits of the many years' exacting and often painful labor of the missionaries among the Sioux Indians is beginning to show up. A new order was founded some time ago for Indian girls, and five members have been novices during this period. A sixth Indian maiden has recently been added to the community—Sister Mary Joseph, who was received into the

Novitiate on December 8. The new order is called "The Oblate Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament," and their purpose is to labor among their own people, to elevate and uplift them, and swell the ranks of the all too few laborers in the Lord's vineyard.

Christmas was celebrated with fitting solemnity at all three Missions, and everything was done by the nuns and missionary fathers, to make it a happy time for the kiddies. They have learned to expect Santa just as eagerly as our white children do, and their parents take pleasure in coming to look on. All received gifts of toys and candy, and the older folks received clothing, and something hot and comforting to eat and drink. Many thanks are hereby extended to those who so generously sent toys to the Missions and made the hearts of the little ones happy. They may be sure of a remembrance every day in the latters' prayers.

Sister Michael of Immaculate Conception Mission has a Domestic Science class, but, as there is no room for a special "lab." she takes the class every Saturday to the little priest's house at Fort Thompson, fifteen miles away, and there she teaches them how to cook and care for a home in the latest scientific manner.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions secured a donation for a chapel on Crow Creek. The good Brother who teaches the manual training class, took them down to the site, and together they erected a very creditable chapel. Some day these boys will be men, and then, besides their high school training, they will also know how to build a house, and do any jobs of carpentering that are needed.

### *Household Hints*

**I**F YOUR dog shivers, sneezes, and loses appetite, chances are, he has a cold; put him in warm quarters and give him only light, nourishing foods, such as milk and beef broth for several days.

When poaching eggs, put a teaspoonful of vinegar in the water, and the white will not spread.

Take the trouble to find out where the nearest fire alarm box is located; fires often start on blustery winter nights.

Wilted vegetables will freshen if soaked in cold water to which a slice of lemon has been added.

Do not wrap the upper part of baby's body in warm woolens and then leave his legs bare with only short, very stylish socks on cold days.

### *Recipes*

**Q**UICK "KOLACKY": If there isn't time to make a yeast dough, ordinary biscuit dough will do, except that grated rind of lemon and a little grated nutmeg are added. Cut out with a small-sized biscuit cutter, place in greased pan and make a deep indentation in the center. Fill with prunes cooked with sugar and star anise, cut up and mashed; or with poppy seed ground and mixed with milk and sugar to make a thick paste; or with cottage cheese to which egg, sugar and lemon rind have been added. Half a blanched almond may be placed on each prune "kolatch."

# Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,  
Ferdinand, Indiana*

## *Red Letter Days in February*

**O**N FEBRUARY 2, the Church keeps the feast of the offering of the Child Jesus in the temple. Perhaps you remember the story of this feast. There was at the temple in Jerusalem a holy man whose name was Simeon. God had promised him that he should not die until he had seen the Savior.

Everyday Simeon went to the temple to worship God and to do the work which he knew God wanted him to do. Days and weeks went by, and yet the Savior did not come. However, Simeon trusted in God and each day looked for the Savior to come.

Then one day a man and woman with a baby came to the temple. You may have learned that these people were Joseph and Mary bringing the Child Jesus to the temple to offer Him to God.

God made known to Simeon that this Baby was the Son of God, who had come to save man. He took the Child in his arms and sang a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. He told God that he was now ready to die in peace because he had seen Jesus. He called Jesus a "light to the revelation of the Gentiles." The candles which are burned on our altars are to remind us that Jesus is the light of the world.

On this feast the Church blesses the candles which are to be used at divine service and by the faithful in their homes. Try to go to Mass on this feast. Thank God that He has given you the grace to know Jesus, the Light of the World. Ask our Blessed Mother to offer you to God with her divine Son.

**O**N FEBRUARY 3, is the feast of St. Blase. This holy bishop lived many years ago. He was kind to everyone. The poor and sick knew he loved them and often came to him for help.

One day a mother brought her little son to him. The child had swallowed a fish bone and was choking to death because it stuck in his throat. St. Blase made the sign of the cross over the boy. Immediately the bone fell out of his mouth. The boy was saved to his mother's great delight and happiness.

Today people have their throats blessed on the feast of St. Blase. They ask St. Blase to protect them against the diseases of the throat. God is pleased when we pray to the saints for aid. It would be useless to ask the saint for a cure or to keep you from having sore throat or diphtheria without taking care of yourself. Yet it often happens that with the best of care we sometimes get ill. Nevertheless, you may ask the saint to keep you from these diseases.

Pray to St. Blase that he may help you, your brothers and sisters, and your little friends from the diseases of the throat which the children so often get every year. Ask him to protect you in body and soul.

**FEBRUARY 14**, is Valentine Day. Many people of today send valentines, but most of them do not know why these little messages are called valentines, or what the purpose of a real valentine should be.

The story of valentines goes back to the time when wicked men were trying to kill everyone that believed in Christ. They were especially anxious to kill those who were teaching others to believe in Christ. St. Valentine was a priest who was not afraid to go about his work, teaching the people. He did much good and was finally captured and sent to prison. Here he did not forget his friends, but prayed for them and wrote little letters to them. He tied these little notes around the necks of pigeons and sent them to his friends. These letters encouraged the people and helped them to keep their faith.



The people were glad to receive these kind letters from Father Valentine, and soon they were sending little messages of cheer to the sick and suffering. They called their little notes valentines in honor of St. Valentine.

How different today are the silly messages and foolish valentines that people send. One can hardly call a message or picture that hurts the feelings of another a valentine.

Would you like to cheer the heart of some poor little child that is sick or suffering? Make a little booklet. Paste in a pretty picture or holy card and write a cheerful verse or note inside and send it to cheer some sick or lonesome child. That is what St. Valentine did. Ask St. Valentine to help you to make others happy.

### *Can You Answer these Riddles?*

1. I lived years ago when wicked men killed the christians.

I was put in prison.

I sent messages of hope and cheer to my friends.

My feast is kept on February 14.

Who am I?

2. I was born before Christ.

I lived in the temple.

God promised me that I should not die before I had seen the Savior.

I held the Child Jesus in my arms.

Who am I?

3. I was a holy bishop who lived many years ago.

I was kind to everyone.

I blessed a boy who was joking and he was saved.

People who have throat disease pray to me.

Who am I?

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A single Communion is sufficient to make a man loathe the world and give him a foretaste of heaven.—Ven. Cure d'Ars.

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O Jesus, help me to make You Friend to all my friends.

### *"Save the Constitution"*

*(Continued from page 308)*

and manners and opinions change with the change of circumstances, institutions must advance also and keep pace with the times. We might as well require a man to wear still the same coat which fitted him when a boy as civilized society to remain ever under the regimen of their ancestors."

"Let us not weakly believe that one generation is not as capable as another of taking care of itself, and ordering its own affairs. Each generation is as independent of the one preceding as that one was of all that have gone before. It has then, like them, a right to choose for itself the form of government it believes most promotive of its own happiness, and it is for the peace and good of mankind that a solemn opportunity of doing this should be provided by the Constitution, so that it may be handed on with periodical repairs from generation to generation, to the end of time, if anything human can so long endure."

Big business because of its ruthlessness will eventually bring about a situation far worse than that which obtained in March 1933. This in turn will result in the adoption of a new constitutional amendment of some sort which, compared with the NRA, will make that measure seem as innocuous as the cigar store Indian of yesterday.

When the people through their representatives have adopted legislation which before its passage is O. K.'d by an official body of constitutional lawyers, there should be no such thing possible as a declaration of unconstitutionality. The suggestion, therefore, that the Supreme Court be delegated to act in an advisory capacity on all bills before submitted to a vote, instead of after having been adopted into law, seems reasonable. After these are once adopted by Congress, the court would then have nothing further to say, and no one caught red-handed could in his defense raise the question of unconstitutionality.

Those who profess so much concern for the Constitution should realize that the power of amending it is the very thing that has made it possible to keep it in harmony with changing conditions. Otherwise it would have been abolished or disregarded long ago.

## Spiritual Reading for the Oblates Leisure

(Continued from page 303)

whole life. That single sentence was this: "IT TAKES ENERGY TO FAIL." If, she reasoned, it takes energy to fail, why not use the energy to succeed?

Perhaps your own spiritual life seems to be a failure; perhaps your faith is getting cold, your prayers are dry, and your devotions are dull and monotonous. Why do you wonder when your love of God is cold and dead?

We love only what we know and feel strongly about. Love of God and devotion depend on the knowledge and fervor that come from faithful daily spiritual reading and reflection.

Among your 1937 resolutions include this one: To set aside at least five minutes for spiritual reading every day. February is Catholic Press Month. If you are not taking a Catholic magazine subscribe to one at once, and select your spiritual reading from its pages. At any Catholic book store you can get a copy of that precious little book, "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a Kempis. Whatever you do, read something every day that will fill you with a fresh love of God and the hope of a blessed eternity.

"Reading which does not make us better is worthless, unless imposed on us by our duties of state." Venerable Louis de Blois, O. S. B.

If you are interested in becoming an Oblate of St. Benedict, write to

Rev. Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.  
1312 Lincoln Avenue  
Evansville, Indiana.

Do not lose the opportunity of conversing with Jesus after Holy Communion. It is not His custom to reward meagerly those who give Him shelter.—St. Theresa.

The Blessed Sacrament is that costly balsam which heals the wounds of our soul. It sweetens the bitterness of our tears, if it does not stop their source.—P. Tesniere.

We can receive Jesus only once a day. But a soul filled with love for Him, supplies for this by her desire to receive Him every moment.—Ven Cure d'Ar's.

## Books Received

*As the Morning Rising* by Sigrid Van Sweringen. A somewhat enigmatic title for a biographical novel of the earlier life of Elizabeth Bayley Seton, the foundress of the Daughters of Charity in America. It is both interesting and inspiring and its readers can be assured of several hours of enjoyment. It is hoped that another book will soon be forthcoming by the same author, in the same delightful style about the later life of Mother Elizabeth Seton. Benziger Bros., Price, \$2.50. P. B.

*The Sacrament of Catholic Action*, pamphlet, by Daniel A. Lord, S. J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cents.

*Orate Fratres*. A Liturgical Review. The Tenth Anniversary Number. Published by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Pp. 104. Price fifty cents.

The Tenth Anniversary Issue of *Orate Fratres* is a book in itself treating of the various aspects of the liturgy of the Church and of the liturgical movement. The many articles by well-known writers in this particular field, including an introductory article by the Right Reverend Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., Abbot of St. John's Abbey, consider the liturgy of the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Divine Office; then the scope and development of the liturgical movement as well as lay activity therein; finally the liturgy in relation to the Creed, the Scriptures, Catholic Action, asceticism, art and music. Almost all phases of activity that enter into divine worship, as well as the history and the widening scope of the liturgical movement are considered.

This movement aims at restoring the true Christian spirit to our times by furthering an active taking part of Catholics in the public and official worship of the Church. Here, according to the declarations of Popes Pius X and Pius XI, we have the source of the true Christian spirit. In his article, "A Layman Looks at Liturgy," Mr. Donald Attwater says: "The conditions of our social and industrial life induce a culture of their own... violently artificial and grossly unhuman, but now generally accepted by Catholics as by everybody else, as quite natural." It is "that sort of thing more than anything else that prevents our communal worship from being spontaneously liturgical."

As a conspectus of the Apostolate, the present Tenth Anniversary issue is of formative and informational value for all thinking Catholics.

*Spiritual Reflections for Sisters*, by Rev. C. J. Mulaly, S. J. This little attractive book would be welcome to any religious. Inspiring in every thought it is as well as decidedly practical. Apostleship of Prayer, 515 E. Fordham Road, New York. Price, 35 cents.

S. M. C.

*Redrobes*, by Neil Boyton, S. J. Thrilling and terrible in its reality is the story of Father John Brebeuf's life and death among the Indians. Jacques Bourdon, Father John's interpreter, encounters many weird and dangerous experiences. His humor and bravery will delight the heart of any boy. Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.50.

S. M. C.

*Blessed Peter Julian Eymard* by Albert Tesniere, S. S. S. The state of Catholicity in a nation can be accurately judged by the faith and devotion shown toward the Blessed Sacrament. Our empty churches, deserted during most of the day; week-day Masses so poorly attended; frequent Communion so rarely observed; Easter Duty so often neglected: all point to a

weak American Catholicity. It is to be hoped that the coming International Eucharistic Congress will be the occasion of a renewed spirit of faith and devotion towards our Lord in the Real Presence.

The new edition of the life of Blessed Peter Julian Eymard, "The Priest of the Eucharist," is, indeed, a timely publication. The work has been considerably enlarged by the addition of interesting facts brought to light in the process of beatification. Souls devoted to the Blessed Sacrament will find in this edifying biography new motives for love and devotion; tepid souls will find in it a reanimation and quickening of their faith.

Price: (paper binding) 50 cents.

*The Holy Hour*, by A. Tesniere, S. S. S., pamphlet. Price, ten cents.

Publishers: Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 184 East 76th Street, New York, N. Y.

*A White Lie*, a one-act play for eleven girls, by Sister M. Jerome Keeler, O. S. B., is a short, non-royalty play based on the folly of a lie told by one of the girls to exaggerate her social and financial standing. The lesson is a practicable one for eighth or ninth grade girls. The play is a suitable one for a school entertainment, though it seems to lack the "body"—alone—for a parish performance. Price 25 cents. J. P.

*The Master of Nazareth* is a Lenten drama in four acts by the Reverend M. Helfen. While elaborate stage lights are not necessary, where they are available, the play can be presented with some spectacular scenes. The simple beauty of the language and the realistic Biblical characters will certainly appeal to a devout

audience. The play is arranged with parallel scenes for all female cast or mixed cast. Music may be added in places to enhance the presentation. The drama has what one might call a healthily sentimental appeal. It is an excellent play for girls' schools. Royalty \$10 and \$20. Price 50 cents. The Catholic Dramatic Movement, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. J. P.

## Our Scholarships

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**ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP.** Previously acknowledged: \$3694.69. Mrs. G. H., Mo., \$1.40. Total: \$3696.09.

**ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP.** Previously acknowledged: \$3674.96. P. J. B., Ind., \$1; Mr. & Mrs. O. C. M., Ind., \$10. Total: \$3685.96.

**ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP.** Previously acknowledged: \$3396.64. J. F. L., Ky., \$1; E. W., Ind., \$1; G. C. T., Ind., \$2. Total: \$3400.64.

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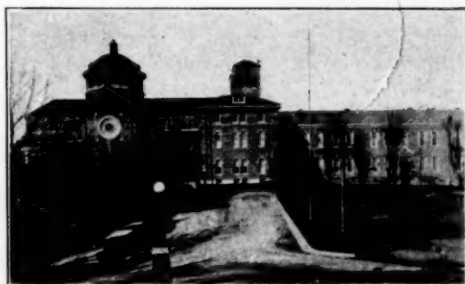
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